

## I'm Still So Afraid by DeathByShyKid

**Series:** [Harrington and his Stupid Kids \(One-Shots\) \[3\]](#)

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**Summary:**

Steve is babysitting yet again. The kids are all piled into his house since their parents had to leave for one reason or another. The kids have already gone to sleep, leaving Steve awake in his house. However, the stairs creak and Will is behind him, anxious and scared after a nightmare.

## **I'm Still So Afraid**

It was nearing midnight, the wind whistled rhythmically outside as the trees danced in the breeze. Steve stared at the natural beauty of his backyard out his kitchen window, the moonlight giving it a gleam he hadn't really noticed in his spare time. He gave it a small smile, throwing the sponge he'd been using to clean dirty plates and cups in the sink. He shook his wet hands before wrapping them in a towel. As he walked towards the couch for some late-night TV before he decided to go to bed, Steve thought of the kids that were paired up in beds in the two guests' bedrooms upstairs.

Joyce had come to him Wednesday morning while the kids were at school and asked him if he'd watch Will Thursday afternoon, Friday, and possibly Saturday. Apparently, Jonathan had his eyes on some out-of-state college that he wanted to go to and his mom was going to go with him to a tour of the college. Of course, he said yes since he liked to hang out with the kid. They agreed on the time and Steve promised to drive Will to school in the morning and pick him up in the afternoon.

Similarly, Nancy talks with Steve on their way to lunch about how her parents were leaving for a two-day trip for their anniversary in a week. She grumbled about having to watch her brother while their parents were gone; she had plans with her friends' afterschool for the next few days. Steve graciously said to let Mike come over to his house, having to already watch Will for a few days. Nancy thanked him and went home to tell her brother about his change of plans Thursday afternoon and get permission from her parents about it.

So, it's no surprise that when he pulled up to the middle school to grab Will and Mike that Dustin and Lucas were waiting for him with a bag of clothes and other essentials. Steve had given them a look, "Do you parents know about this?" In turn, the uninvited boys gave him hand-written notes with signatures from their moms saying that they were okay with it if Steve was. "God, they could have just called." He remembered mumbling out before allowing the rascals in and driving to his house.

Over the months after the incident with the gate and Demadogs, the

parents had come to know him as Steve the Babysitter who could be called up on short notice and still be able to deal with their kids for them. Plus, the kids found that they enjoyed Steve watching over them instead of other babysitters or older siblings in Mike and Will's cases. Steve didn't mind, having always enjoyed hanging out with the kids daily while also trying to figure out what to do with his life.

The stairs behind him creaked. Had he not known that there were slumbering children upstairs, he might have jumped four feet in the air. After all, there is always a possibility that Apocalypse part three might happen anytime. Steve turned around, seeing Will standing there, shaking in the cool air of the night. He cocked his head, leaning off the couch, "Hey, what're you doing up?"

"I... I just..." The Byers boy looked down at his pale feet, grabbing at his shirt anxiously, "Um... C-Can I um... can I sit by y-you?" The words were so soft that he was surprised he could even hear Will.

"Yeah, come here." He scooted over, giving Will room on the couch. The pale boy made his way over to the seat, eyes lingering in the dark hallways and corners of the room. Steve didn't miss the look.

Will rubbed his eyes before bringing his knees up to his chest, sniffing quietly, "You're still up?"

Steve nodded, "I'm not tired right now."

"Don't you have school tomorrow?" The brunette turned towards the older boy, dark eyes unblinking.

"Yeah." He shrugged, leaving it at that before meeting the kid's gaze, "Question is, what are *you* doing up? It's almost midnight."

Will bit his lip, leaning his head on his babysitter's shoulder, curling into the other's warmth, "I had a nightmare."

Steve wrapped a secure arm around the boy's shoulder, making sure that it wasn't too tight of a grasp and not too loose, "Do you want to talk about it?"

"Not really." He whispered out, scooting into the hug, sniffing again, "Maybe."

"Hey, if you don't want to, then it's okay? We can talk about something else if you want." He assured, giving the kid a small smile.

"It's not that I *don't* want to talk about it, it's just that... I'm afraid you'll m-make fun of me." Will admitted.

The teenager sighed, squeezing the kid slightly, "I wouldn't make fun of you for anything. You went through a lot, kid. You're allowed to have nightmares and be scared. I would be surprised if you *didn't* have any nightmares." Will nodded slowly, smiling slightly.

They sat in silence for several seconds. It was sometimes interrupted by their soft breaths or a small snuffle from the younger of the two. Steve didn't try to demand the information, having dealt with nightmares from the other boys while babysitting in the past. Usually, it was Dustin who came to him after every nightmare the kid had while under Steve's watch. Lucas was the one who didn't have a lot of bad dreams throughout the night, deciding to just deal with it by himself but told Steve about them the next morning. He'd never really liked to keep them to himself. Mike was the one who just started to come around to asking for Steve to stay with him until he fell back to sleep.

And Will?

There were nights where he would wake up and just *scream*, scream for several minutes like he was being murdered. Steve had always been late to the party, arriving to assess the information only to have Mike or Dustin or Lucas to just make him go away as they dealt with Will's nightmare. He'd leave them to it, making sure to check on them in an hour or so, just to make sure. This was the first time Will's gone to *him* and not his friends to help him through a nightmare.

"It was *everything*." Will suddenly whispered out, making the other lose his train of thought.

"Everything?" Steve raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah." He mumbled out, curling into his babysitter's side more, "Steve... I got everyone killed. We were all stupid to think that I wasn't... *possessed* anymore and it just..." He squeezed his eyes shut,

hands clinging to the teenager's shirt. "The shadow monster came back for us and he just... he killed *everyone*." A sob left him, "Everyone was *gone* a-and I was the only one I-left. He just kept laughing and *laughing* at me because I was stupid and afraid. I'm still so *afraid*."

Steve listened with a pained heart, pulling Will closer to him, "You're not stupid, Will."

"Y-Yes I am." He sobbed out, watery dark eyes glaring at him.

"If anyone is *stupid*, it's that shadow monster. He'd be stupid to come back for us." He gave the kid a smile, "If he comes back, we'll just throw him right back where he came from and save Hawkins like we did last time."

Will rubbed his eyes, "Really?"

"Yeah, of course." Steve hugged the Byers' boy closer to him, "I made a promise to myself that I'd do my best to keep you little shitheads safe. I would say that I've done a pretty good job at it so far."

That got a chuckle out of the wrecked kid, "Thanks, Steve, for everything."

He ruffled Will's hair, "Always. You can come to me for anything. Now, you better head off to bed before you're too tired tomorrow to even get up."

"Same could be said for you, Steve." Will smiled, getting up from the couch and heading for the stairs, "Good-night."

"Night, kid." He grinned, "*I promised I'd protect you, always.*"